

MARVEL<sup>®</sup>  
5431.com

STRACZYNSKI • GARNEY

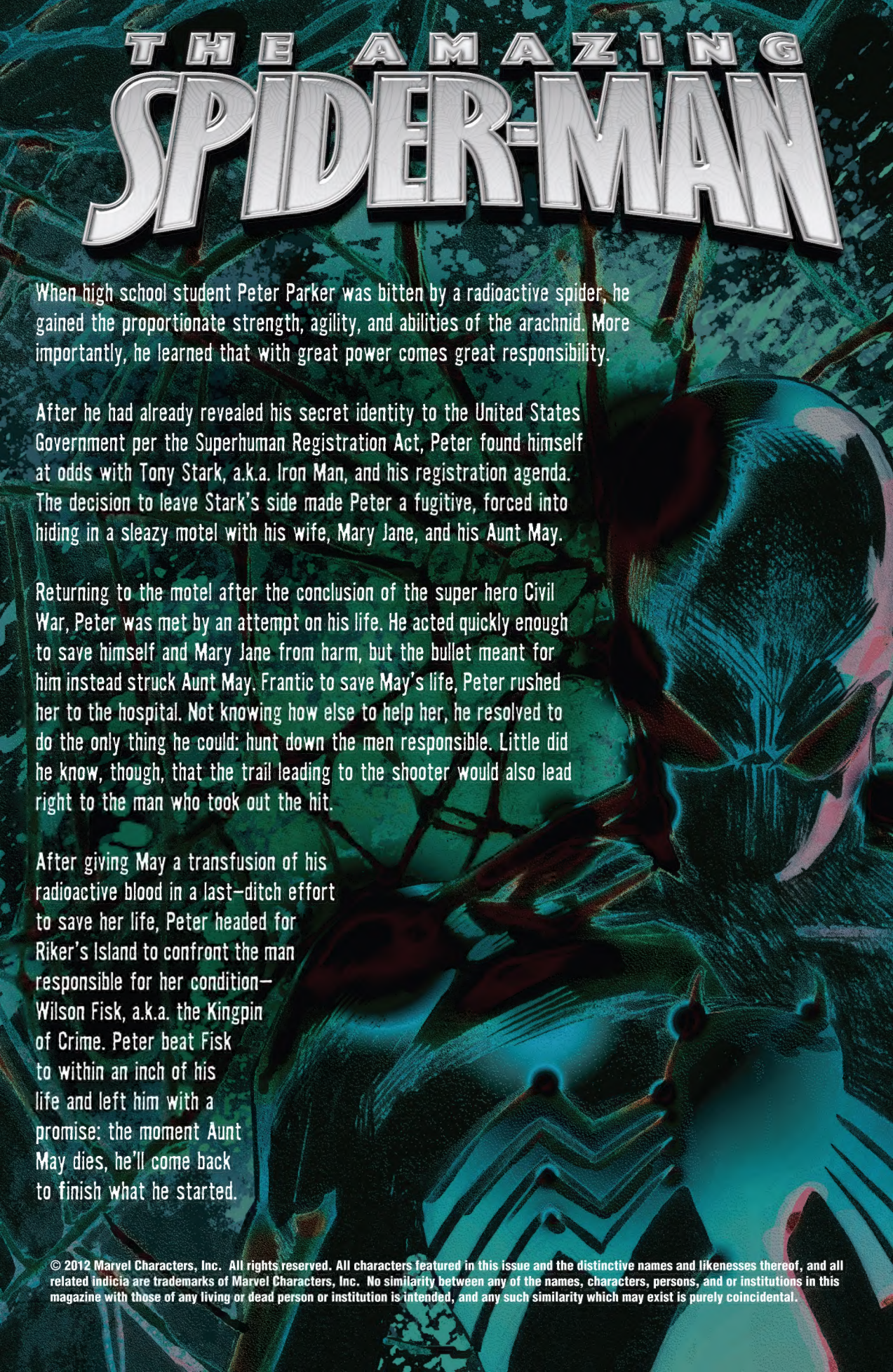
# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN<sup>®</sup>

BACK IN BLACK





# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

After he had already revealed his secret identity to the United States Government per the Superhuman Registration Act, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter a fugitive, forced into hiding in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May.

Returning to the motel after the conclusion of the super hero Civil War, Peter was met by an attempt on his life. He acted quickly enough to save himself and Mary Jane from harm, but the bullet meant for him instead struck Aunt May. Frantic to save May's life, Peter rushed her to the hospital. Not knowing how else to help her, he resolved to do the only thing he could: hunt down the men responsible. Little did he know, though, that the trail leading to the shooter would also lead right to the man who took out the hit.

After giving May a transfusion of his radioactive blood in a last-ditch effort to save her life, Peter headed for Riker's Island to confront the man responsible for her condition—Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. the Kingpin of Crime. Peter beat Fisk to within an inch of his life and left him with a promise: the moment Aunt May dies, he'll come back to finish what he started.





SO. AUNT  
MAY.

ANYTHING  
NEW BY YOU?

BACK  
IN  
BLACK

PART  
5  
OF 5

# An Incident on the Fourth Floor

J. MICHAEL  
STRACZYNSKI  
W R I T E R

RON  
GARNEY  
P E N C I L E R

BILL  
REINHOLD  
I N K E R

MATT  
MILLA  
C O L O R I S T

VC'S CORY  
PETIT  
L E T T E R E R

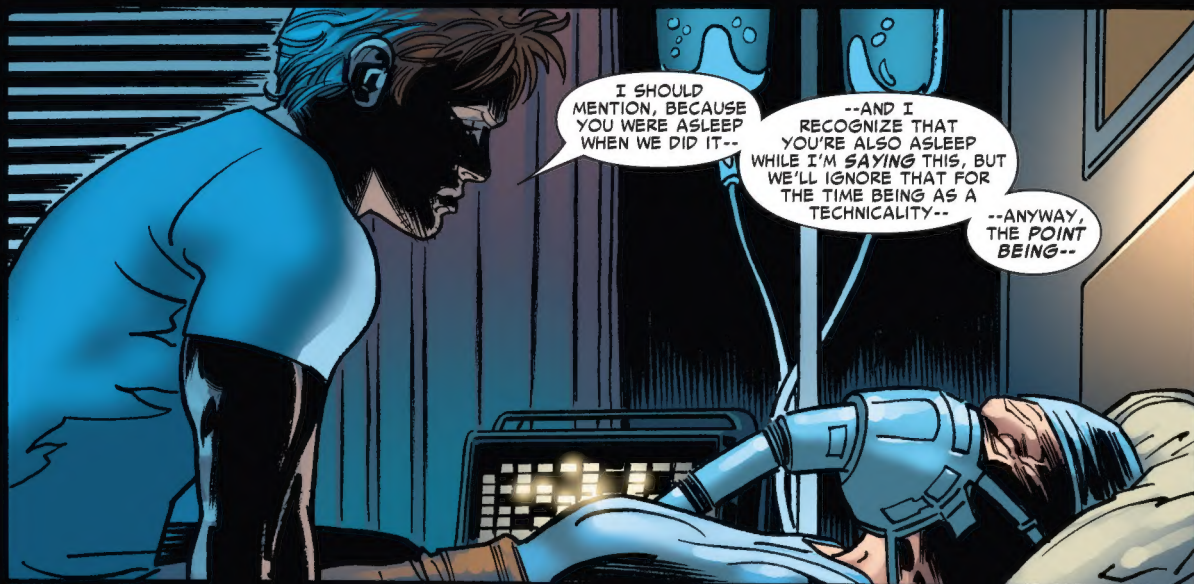
DANIEL  
KETCHUM  
A S S T. E D I T O R

AXEL  
ALONSO  
E D I T O R

JOE  
QUESADA  
E D I T O R I N C H I E F

DAN  
BUCKLEY  
P U B L I S H E R





I SHOULD MENTION, BECAUSE YOU WERE ASLEEP WHEN WE DID IT--

--AND I RECOGNIZE THAT YOU'RE ALSO ASLEEP WHILE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT WE'LL IGNORE THAT FOR THE TIME BEING AS A TECHNICALITY--

--ANYWAY, THE POINT BEING--



--THE OTHER DAY, WE TRANSFUSED SOME OF MY BLOOD INTO YOU. I THINK IT'LL HELP. I THINK IT'LL GIVE YOU A FIGHTING CHANCE.

I DON'T THINK IT'LL MAKE YOU SPROUT EIGHT ARMS AND LEGS, BUT WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW, RIGHT?



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, IT WAS JUST A JOKE. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPROUT EIGHT LEGS AND ARMS.

ON WHAT WE HAVE TO SPEND, WE CAN ONLY AFFORD SIX, TOPS.

WE SHOULD KNOW BY MORNING IF IT'S HELPED. I BELIEVE IT WILL. I KNOW IT WILL.



SO, I'VE TALKED ENOUGH. YOU TALK FOR A WHILE.



OKAY. MAYBE LATER, THEN.





DO YOU SEE ANY  
CHANGE IN HER  
CONDITION?

MMMM...  
SHE SEEMS A LITTLE  
RUDDIER IN THE CHEEKS,  
BUT OTHERWISE, THERE'S  
NOTHING THAT I CAN TELL  
OFFHAND. WE'LL SEE  
WHAT THE BLOOD  
TESTS SHOW.



NO, I TOLD  
HIM IF HE WANTS TO  
GO OUT WITH ME, HE  
HAS TO MOVE OUT OF  
HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE,  
IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT,  
YOU KNOW?

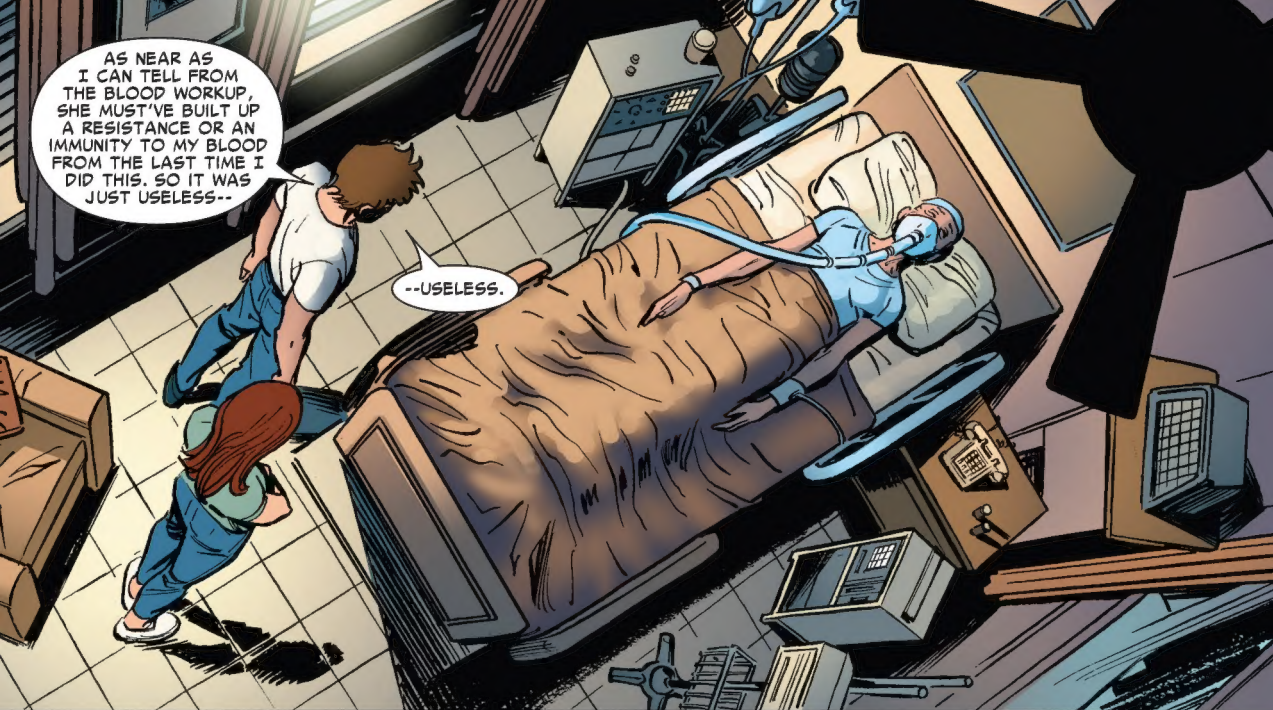


I MEAN, HOW  
COME I ALWAYS END  
UP WITH GUYS LIKE THIS?  
IS THERE SOMETHING I'M  
NOT PAYING ATTENTION  
TO OUT THERE?



"I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND, PETER.  
WHY DIDN'T IT WORK?"





AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL FROM THE BLOOD WORKUP, SHE MUST'VE BUILT UP A RESISTANCE OR AN IMMUNITY TO MY BLOOD FROM THE LAST TIME I DID THIS. SO IT WAS JUST USELESS--

--USELESS.



SO WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

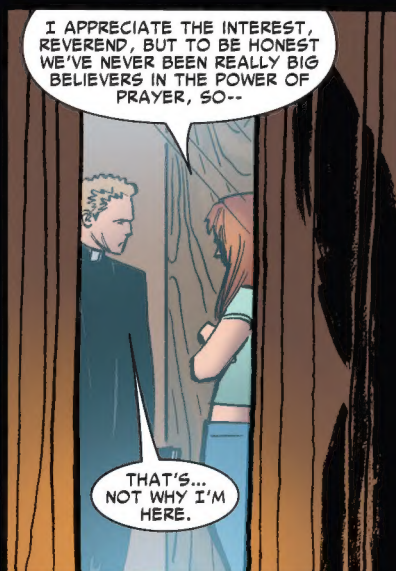
I DON'T KNOW, MJ...I DON'T KNOW THAT I HAVE A NEXT STEP, I--

NOK-NOK



YES?

MS. RILEY? REVEREND BILL WHITCOMB. I'M THE HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN. I'M HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR AUNT.



I APPRECIATE THE INTEREST, REVEREND, BUT TO BE HONEST WE'VE NEVER BEEN REALLY BIG BELIEVERS IN THE POWER OF PRAYER, SO--

THAT'S... NOT WHY I'M HERE.



THE STAFF KEEP ME INFORMED ABOUT PATIENTS THAT MAY BE ABOUT TO ENTER A TERMINAL PHASE IN THEIR TREATMENT, BECAUSE AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS IT IS FOR ALL OF US, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL THESE THINGS MAY BE, WE MUST PLAN FOR THE FUTURE.



WILL YOUR AUNT BE REQUIRING LAST RITES? WOULD SHE WANT THE PRESENCE OF A REPRESENTATIVE OF ANY BELIEF OR DENOMINATION?



AND THOUGH WE ALL HOPE FOR A MIRACLE IN SUCH CASES...HAVE YOU MADE ANY ARRANGEMENTS YET FOR A FUNERAL?





YO, DELINT, I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.

UNLESS IT'S A BLONDE WITH LEGS THAT GO ON FOREVER, I'M NOT INTERESTED.

WE'RE FRESH OUT... HOW ABOUT AN OLD LADY WITH A GUNSHOT WOUND?

FILE CAME IN A FEW DAYS AGO, ENDED UP SITTING ON THE WHEN-WE-HAVE-TIME PILE.

LIEUTENANT, COME ON, DO I LOOK LIKE I HAVE TIME? I'M UP TO MY EARS HERE.

SO YOU GOT ALL THE ROOM TO THE REST OF YOUR HEAD, WHICH WITH A POINT THAT BIG IS ALMOST, LIKE, FOREVER.

IT'S A GUNSHOT WOUND WITHOUT ANY KIND OF POLICE REPORT, NO 911 CALL, NOTHING...HOSPITAL CALLED IT IN PER POLICY ON GUNSHOTS.

BROUGHT IN BY HER NIECE?

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT, YEAH.

SO UNLESS THE OLD LADY WAS CLEANING OUT A GUN WHEN IT WENT OFF, IF THE NIECE BROUGHT HER IN BUT DIDN'T WANT POLICE POKING AROUND, THEN MAYBE SHE OR SOMEBODY SHE KNOWS DID SOMETHING. MAYBE AN ACCIDENT, MAYBE DELIBERATE, WHO KNOWS.

THEY'RE ALSO PAYING FOR HER STAY IN CASH, WHICH MEANS THEY'RE DEFINITELY HIDING SOMETHING.

EITHER WAY, IT'S YOUR PROBLEM NOW.

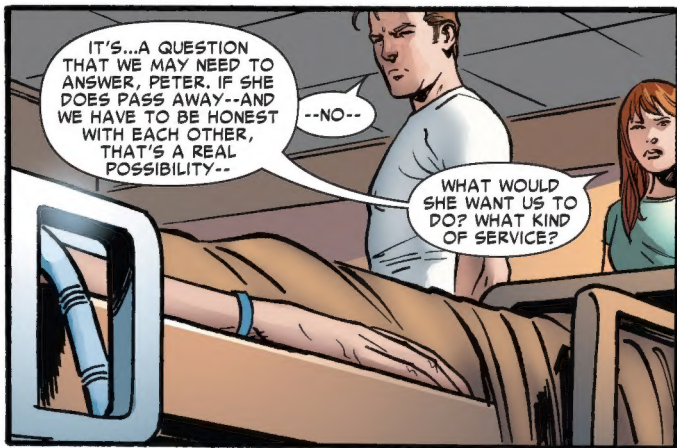




DO YOU BELIEVE THAT GUY--

PETER--

HE'S A VULTURE, AND BELIEVE ME, I SHOULD KNOW, I'VE FOUGHT VULTURES BEFORE.



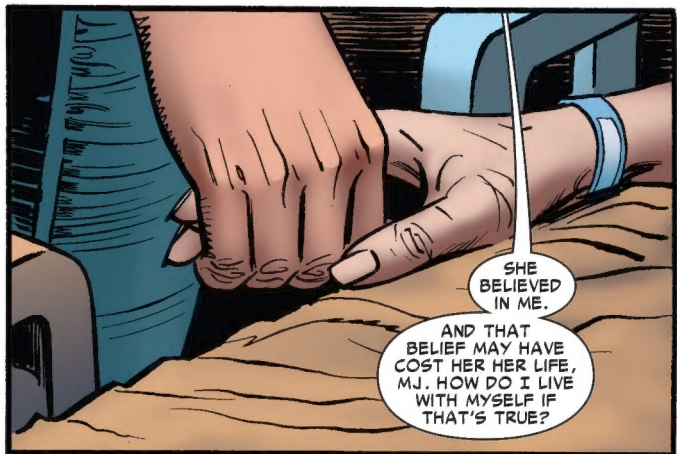
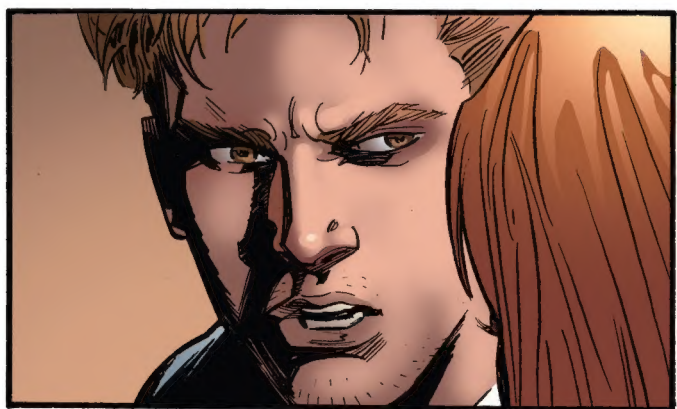
IT'S...A QUESTION THAT WE MAY NEED TO ANSWER, PETER. IF SHE DOES PASS AWAY--AND WE HAVE TO BE HONEST WITH EACH OTHER, THAT'S A REAL POSSIBILITY--

--NO--

WHAT WOULD SHE WANT US TO DO? WHAT KIND OF SERVICE?



YOU HAD A WHOLE LIFETIME OF KNOWING HER, PETER. WHEN IT COMES TO A SERVICE...WHAT DID SHE BELIEVE IN THE MOST? WHAT DID SHE BELIEVE IN, REALLY?



SHE BELIEVED IN ME.

AND THAT BELIEF MAY HAVE COST HER HER LIFE, MJ. HOW DO I LIVE WITH MYSELF IF THAT'S TRUE?





WE'VE GOT HER  
LOGGED IN AS A VICTIM OF  
A DRIVE-BY SHOOTING. THE  
NAME ON THE ADMISSIONS SLIP  
IS REILLY, BUT THE ONLY I.D.  
THAT WALKED IN WITH THAT  
NAME WAS A BIRTH  
CERTIFICATE.

HUH.

AND THAT'S  
NOT THE ONLY  
WEIRD THING.

BEEN TRACKING  
HER VITALS SINCE SHE  
GOT IN, AND IN THE LAST  
48 HOURS THERE'S BEEN A  
CHANGE IN HER BLOOD  
REPORT.

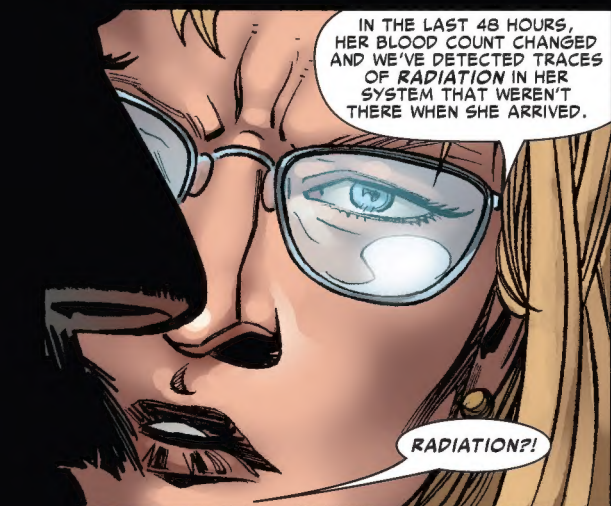
I HAD TO  
GET A SECOND COPY  
BECAUSE THE FIRST ONE  
CONVENIENTLY JUST  
DISAPPEARED.



UH-HUH.

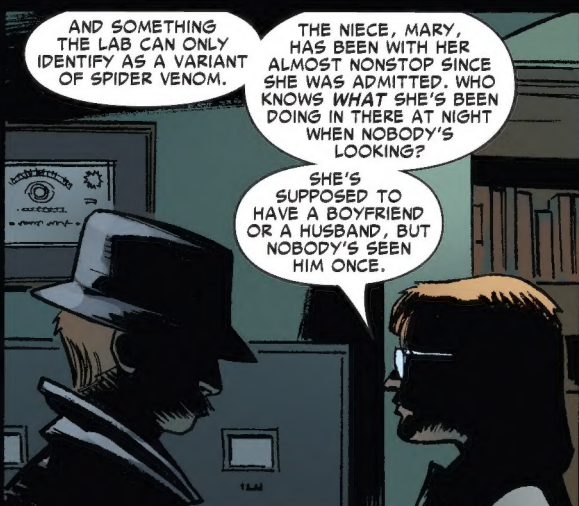
INTERESTING.

OKAY, I  
CAN'T MAKE HEADS  
OR TAILS OUT OF  
THIS...WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?



IN THE LAST 48 HOURS,  
HER BLOOD COUNT CHANGED  
AND WE'VE DETECTED TRACES  
OF RADIATION IN HER  
SYSTEM THAT WEREN'T  
THERE WHEN SHE ARRIVED.

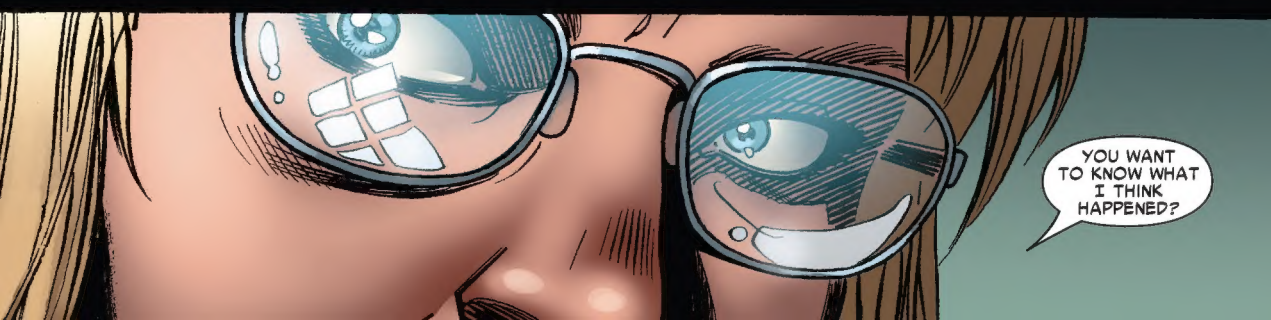
RADIATION?!



AND SOMETHING  
THE LAB CAN ONLY  
IDENTIFY AS A VARIANT  
OF SPIDER VENOM.

THE NIECE, MARY,  
HAS BEEN WITH HER  
ALMOST NONSTOP SINCE  
SHE WAS ADMITTED. WHO  
KNOWS WHAT SHE'S BEEN  
DOING IN THERE AT NIGHT  
WHEN NOBODY'S  
LOOKING?

SHE'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
HAVE A BOYFRIEND  
OR A HUSBAND, BUT  
NOBODY'S SEEN  
HIM ONCE.



YOU WANT  
TO KNOW WHAT  
I THINK  
HAPPENED?





"MAYBE IT WAS A MISTAKE, MAYBE IT WAS DELIBERATE, BUT EITHER WAY, SHE GOT SHOT...I'M GUESSING BY THE HUSBAND-SLASH-BOYFRIEND.



"THEY PROBABLY FIGURED SHE WAS DEAD OR CLOSE TO IT. WHILE THEY WERE FIGURING OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT--



"--SHE GOT TO THE HOSPITAL SOMEHOW, MAYBE DROVE, MAYBE CABBED...YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT PEOPLE CAN DO WHEN THEIR ADRENALINE IS UP...BUT SHE WASN'T ALONE.



"THEY FIGURED SHE'D COME HERE AND TRIED TO FINISH WHAT THEY STARTED.

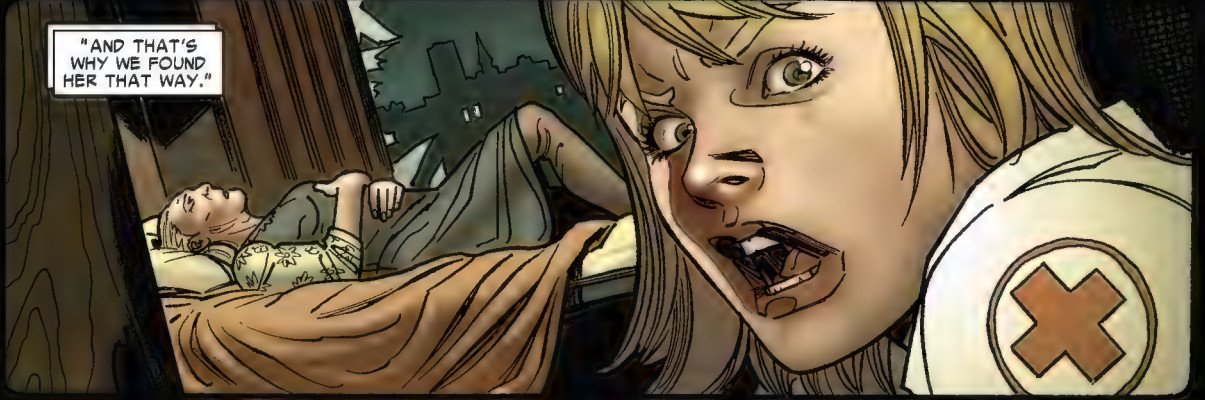


"HE TRIED TO GET TO HER, MAYBE FORCE HER TO COME BACK WHEN--





"--THE GUN WENT OFF, WHICH SCARED HIM INTO FLEEING."

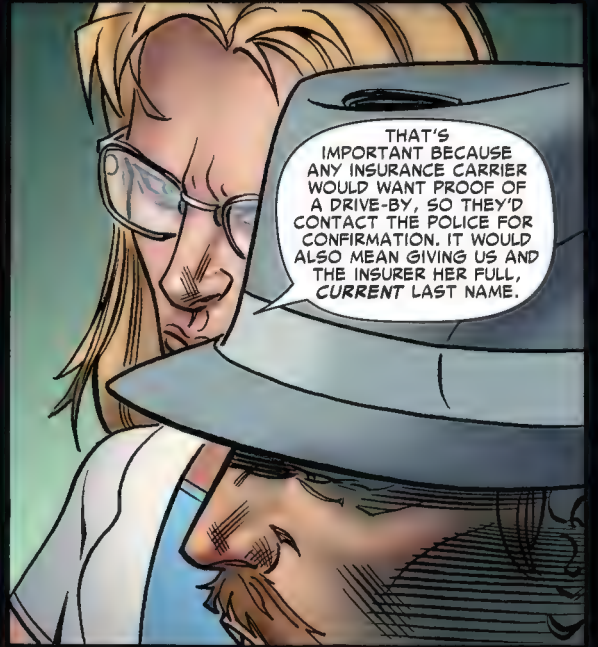


"AND THAT'S WHY WE FOUND HER THAT WAY."

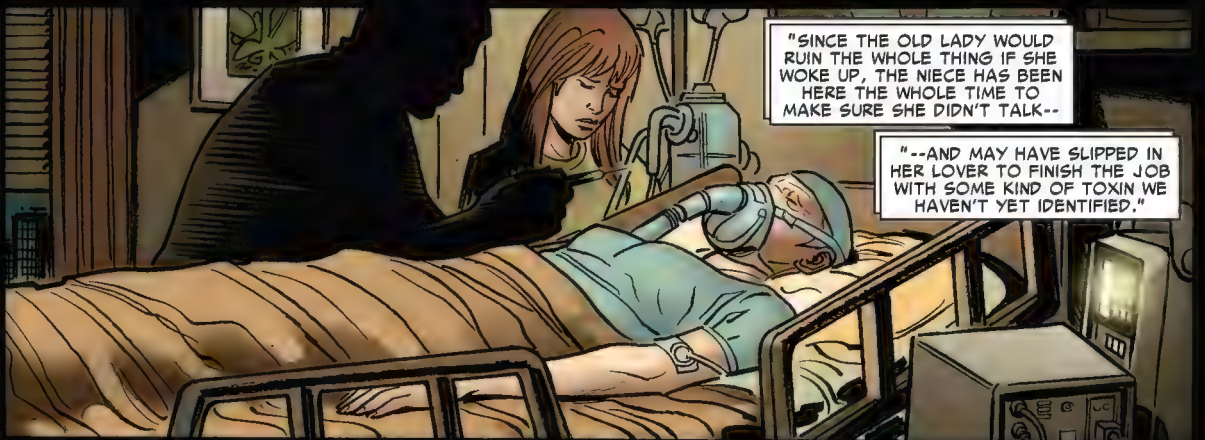


POSSIBLE.  
WHAT ELSE?

WELL, THEY LIED WHEN THEY SAID THEY FILED A POLICE REPORT ON THE DRIVE-BY SHOOTING. AND THEY'VE BEEN PAYING WITH CASH SINCE THEY GOT HERE.



THAT'S IMPORTANT BECAUSE ANY INSURANCE CARRIER WOULD WANT PROOF OF A DRIVE-BY, SO THEY'D CONTACT THE POLICE FOR CONFIRMATION. IT WOULD ALSO MEAN GIVING US AND THE INSURER HER FULL, CURRENT LAST NAME.



"SINCE THE OLD LADY WOULD RUIN THE WHOLE THING IF SHE WOKE UP, THE NIECE HAS BEEN HERE THE WHOLE TIME TO MAKE SURE SHE DIDN'T TALK--"

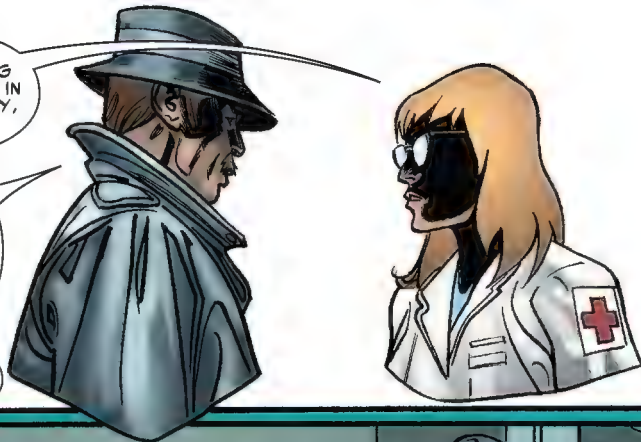
"--AND MAY HAVE SLIPPED IN HER LOVER TO FINISH THE JOB WITH SOME KIND OF TOXIN WE HAVEN'T YET IDENTIFIED."



AND THEN, THE WAY SHE WAS ASKING ABOUT ANY CHANGES IN HER CONDITION TODAY, LIKE SHE KNEW SOMETHING--

WELL, IT'S NOT THE ONLY EXPLANATION, BUT IT MAKES SENSE AS A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION. AND NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT, WHEN SHE DIDN'T FILE A POLICE REPORT AND LIED ABOUT IT ON THE FORM, THAT'S GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION AND PROBABLE CAUSE.

IT'S ALSO A FELONY OFFENSE ALL BY ITSELF.



SHE UP THERE NOW?

YEP. ROOM 430. END OF THE HALL.

THANKS.



OKAY...IF THE TRANSFUSION DIDN'T WORK, AND MEDICINE DOESN'T WORK, THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY TO--



PETER? WHAT IS IT?

TROUBLE, I--



MS. MARY REILLY?

YES...?

LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE ROBERT DELINT. I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR AUNT.

THIS...ISN'T A GOOD TIME, I NEED TO STAY HERE AND--







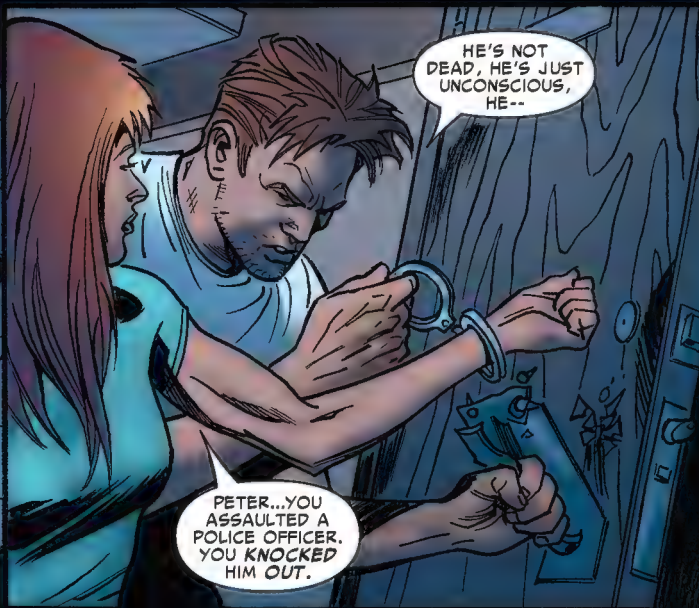








...OHMYGOD...  
PETER...



HE'S NOT  
DEAD, HE'S JUST  
UNCONSCIOUS,  
HE--

PETER...YOU  
ASSAULTED A  
POLICE OFFICER.  
YOU KNOCKED  
HIM OUT.



I  
KNOW.

All my life, I wondered  
what first step some of  
the criminals I'd fought  
had taken to become  
what they were.

Up to this moment,  
my criminality was  
a point of legal  
technicalities. I'd  
skirted illegality, done  
some questionable  
things...but this...



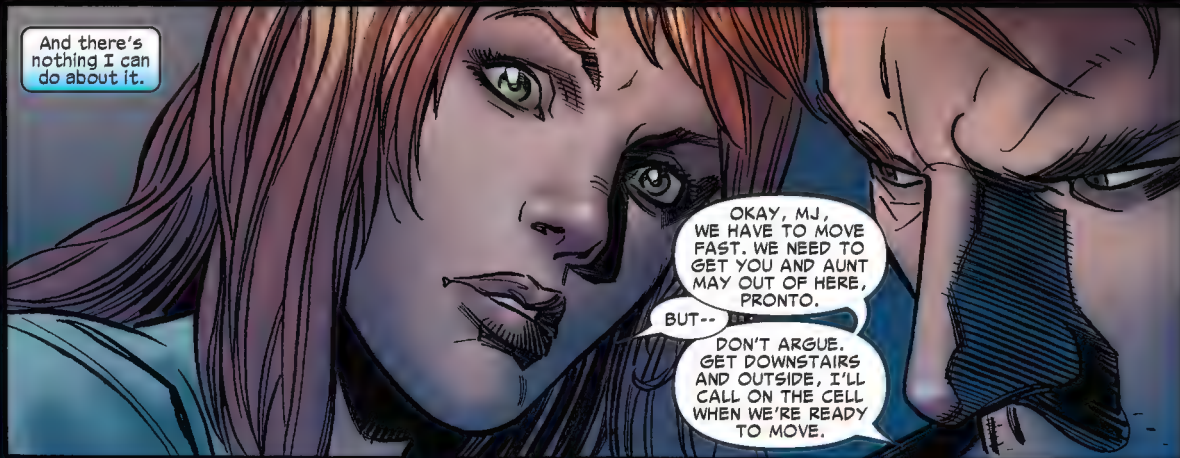
THIS...you  
get sent to  
jail for.

And they'd  
be right in  
doing so.

Until now, when they  
SAID I was a criminal, I  
knew they were wrong.

But now, for the  
first time, I AM  
all those things.



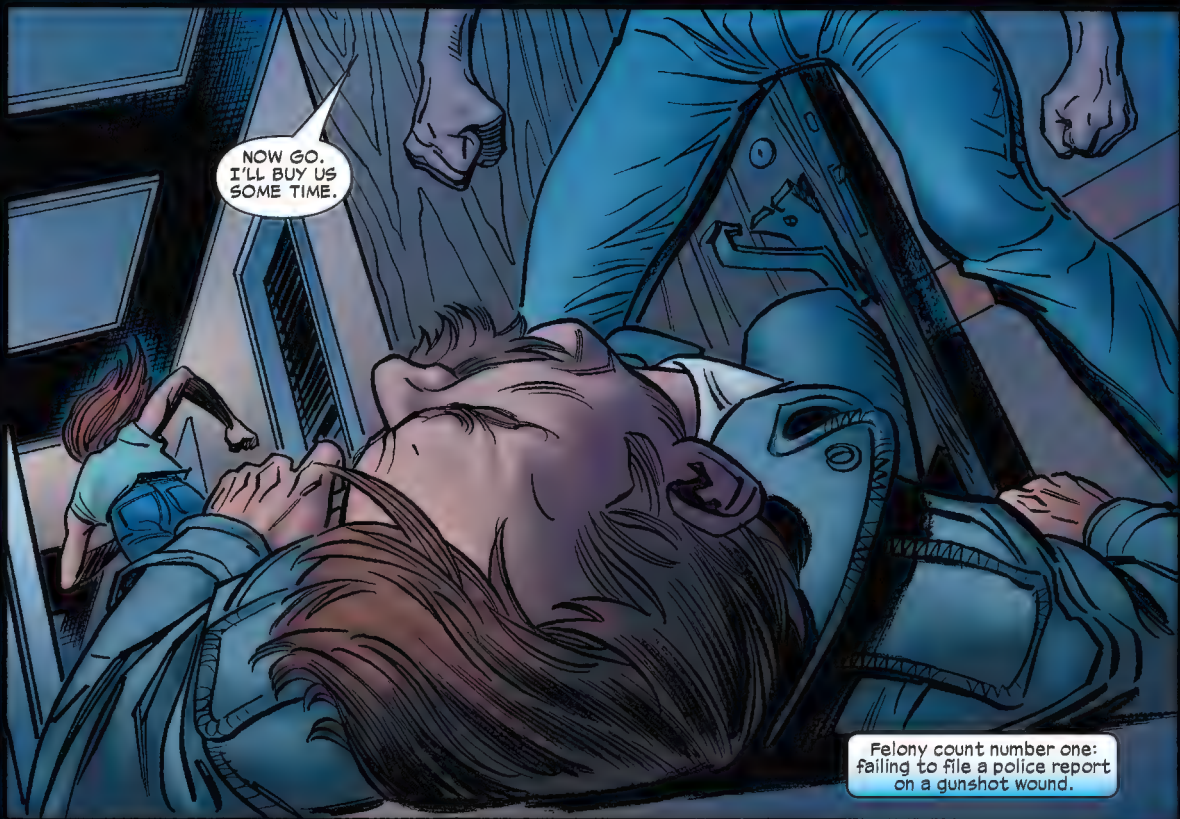


And there's nothing I can do about it.

OKAY, MJ, WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST. WE NEED TO GET YOU AND AUNT MAY OUT OF HERE, PRONTO.

BUT--

DON'T ARGUE. GET DOWNSTAIRS AND OUTSIDE, I'LL CALL ON THE CELL WHEN WE'RE READY TO MOVE.



NOW GO. I'LL BUY US SOME TIME.

Felony count number one: failing to file a police report on a gunshot wound.



Felony count number two: assaulting a police officer.

Felony count number three: wrongful imprisonment.

Can't use webbing, can't have this point to Spider-Man until well after May is clear.



Felony count number four: fleeing the scene of a crime.





--SO SHE'S  
BUSTING MY CHOPS  
BECAUSE I'M STILL LIVING  
AT MY MOM'S WHILE I BUILD  
UP THE OLD NEST EGG. IT'S  
NOT LIKE I LIKE IT OR  
ANYTHING, BUT YOU GOTTA  
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO  
FOR A WHILE, Y'KNOW?

I HEAR  
YOU.



SO I SAYS TO  
HER, I SAYS, FINE,  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,  
GO, LEAVE, BE MY  
GUEST.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT SHE  
DID?

WHAT?

SHE LEFT.  
CAN YOU BELIEVE  
THIS?

UNREAL.



TELL  
ME ABOUT  
IT.  
PASS  
THE MAYO.



Felony count  
number five: grand  
theft auto.

MJ, YOU  
READY?

JUST TELL  
ME WHAT TO  
DO.



Felony count number six: breaking and entering.

OKAY, MJ, I'M SET. GO.

GOING.

**GO.**

**GOING.**

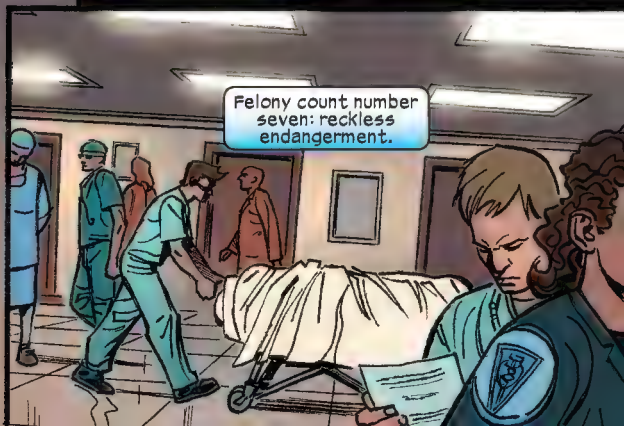
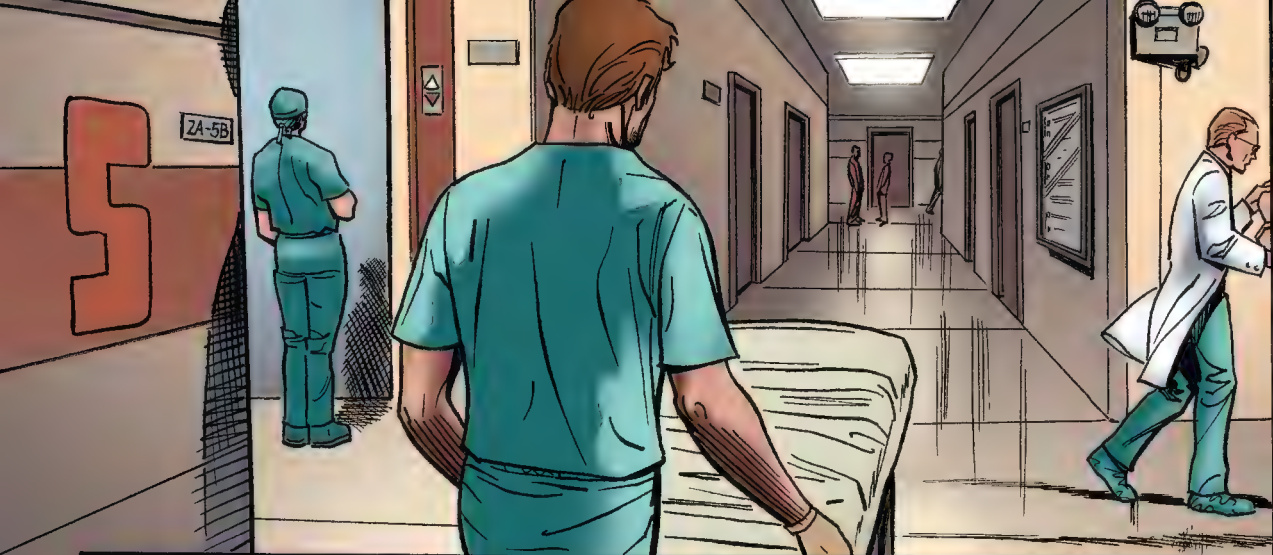
WHAT?

SHE'S  
TURNING  
BLUE!

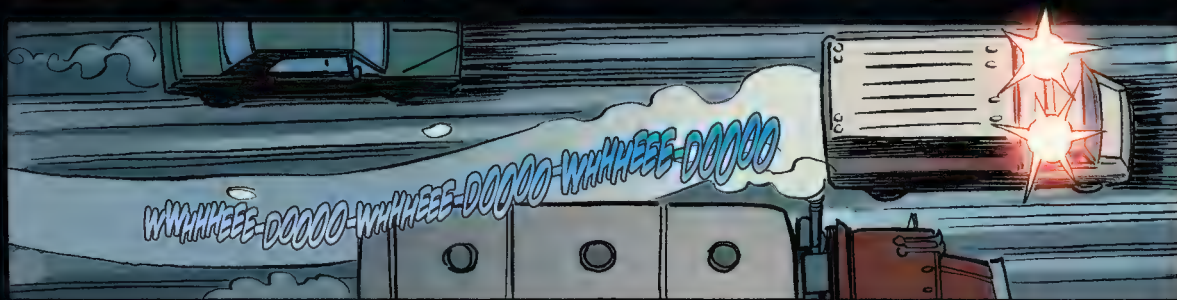
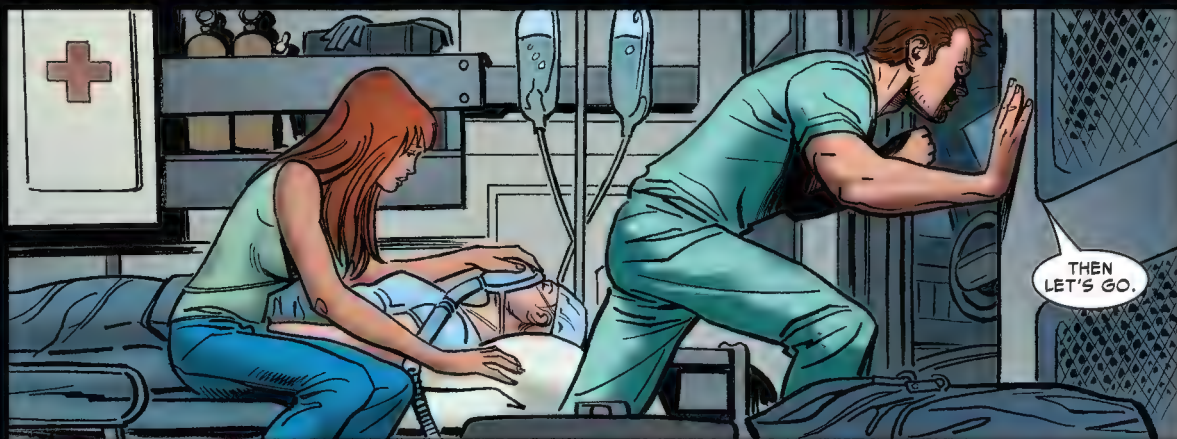
CODE BLUE,  
ANY AVAILABLE  
DOCTORS TO THE  
LOBBY, CODE  
BLUE!

# AUTHORIZATION FOR PATIENT TRANSFER









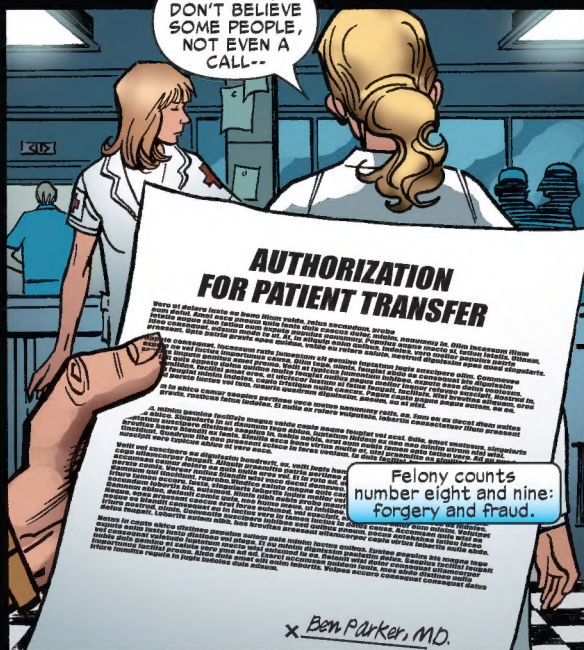




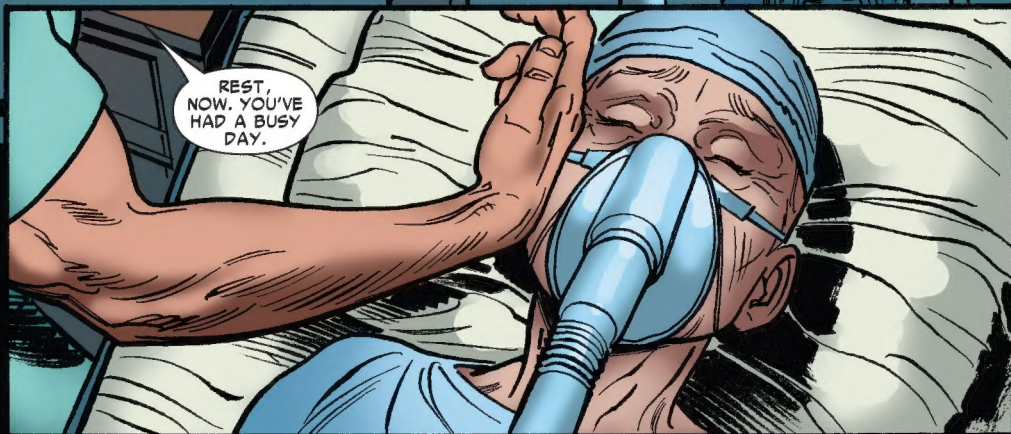
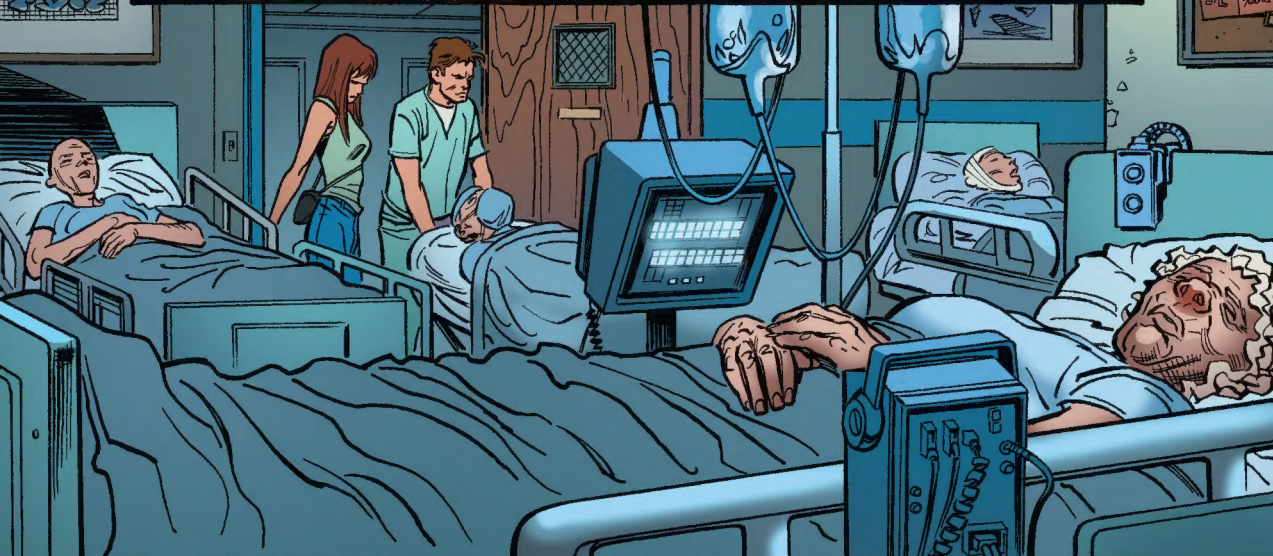
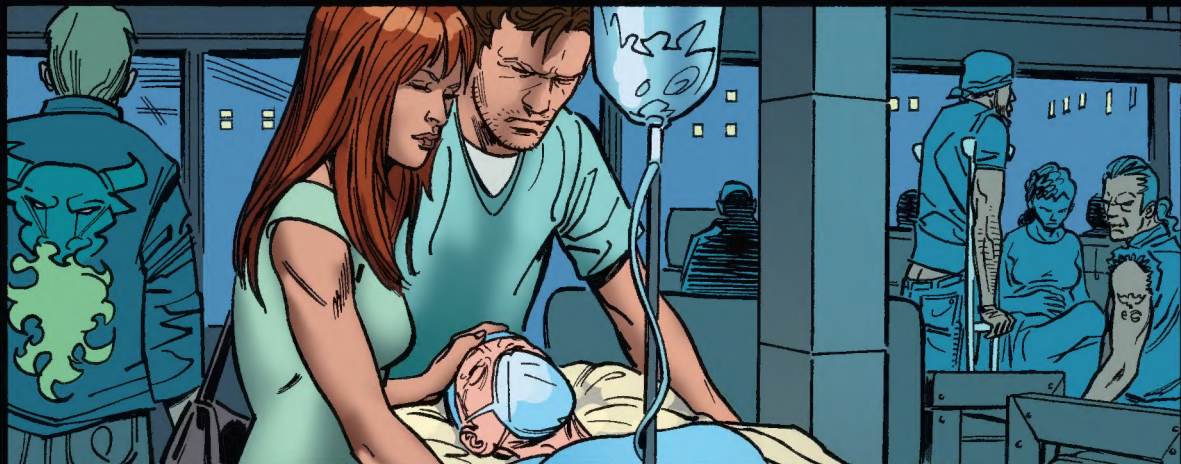
OKAY, FINE, WHATEVER, WE'LL DEAL WITH IT SOMEHOW. PUT HER IN 12B UNTIL WE CAN FIND SOMETHING LONG-TERM.



HONESTLY, I DON'T BELIEVE SOME PEOPLE, NOT EVEN A CALL--











SORRY...I'M TRYING NOT TO CRY, BUT--

I KNOW.  
I KNOW...



I DON'T MEAN TO BE SCARED, PETE, BUT I KEEP WONDERING...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US? WHERE IS THIS ALL GOING TO END?

I DON'T KNOW, M.J. I JUST KNOW WE CAN'T STOP FIGHTING. NOT FOR HER, AND NOT FOR US. NOT NOW, NOT EVER.

I HAVE TO GET GOING...HAVE TO DROP THE AMBULANCE OFF SOMEWHERE CLEAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, MAKE SURE NOBODY CAN TRACK IT BACK TO THIS PLACE...AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.



AND THEN? THEN... WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.



Nine felony counts.

Ten-year minimum per charge--

--equals a ninety-year prison term.

Possibly life imprisonment.





Nine felony counts.

Not committed by somebody in a mask that can't be tracked down.

Not committed by Spider-Man.

Nine felonies committed by *ME*, with my fingerprints all over everything. Me. Peter Parker.

I can't say it was a trap, or a frame-up, or an anti-registration technicality, or anything else. I committed those crimes.

I have become the very thing I set out to fight. A criminal.

All my life, I've had nightmares about being accused of a crime and being sent to jail. And now I'm trapped in that nightmare, only this time it's real. It's *REAL*.

I'm lost...God help me, I'm so lost...

TO BE CONCLUDED IN  
"ONE MORE DAY."